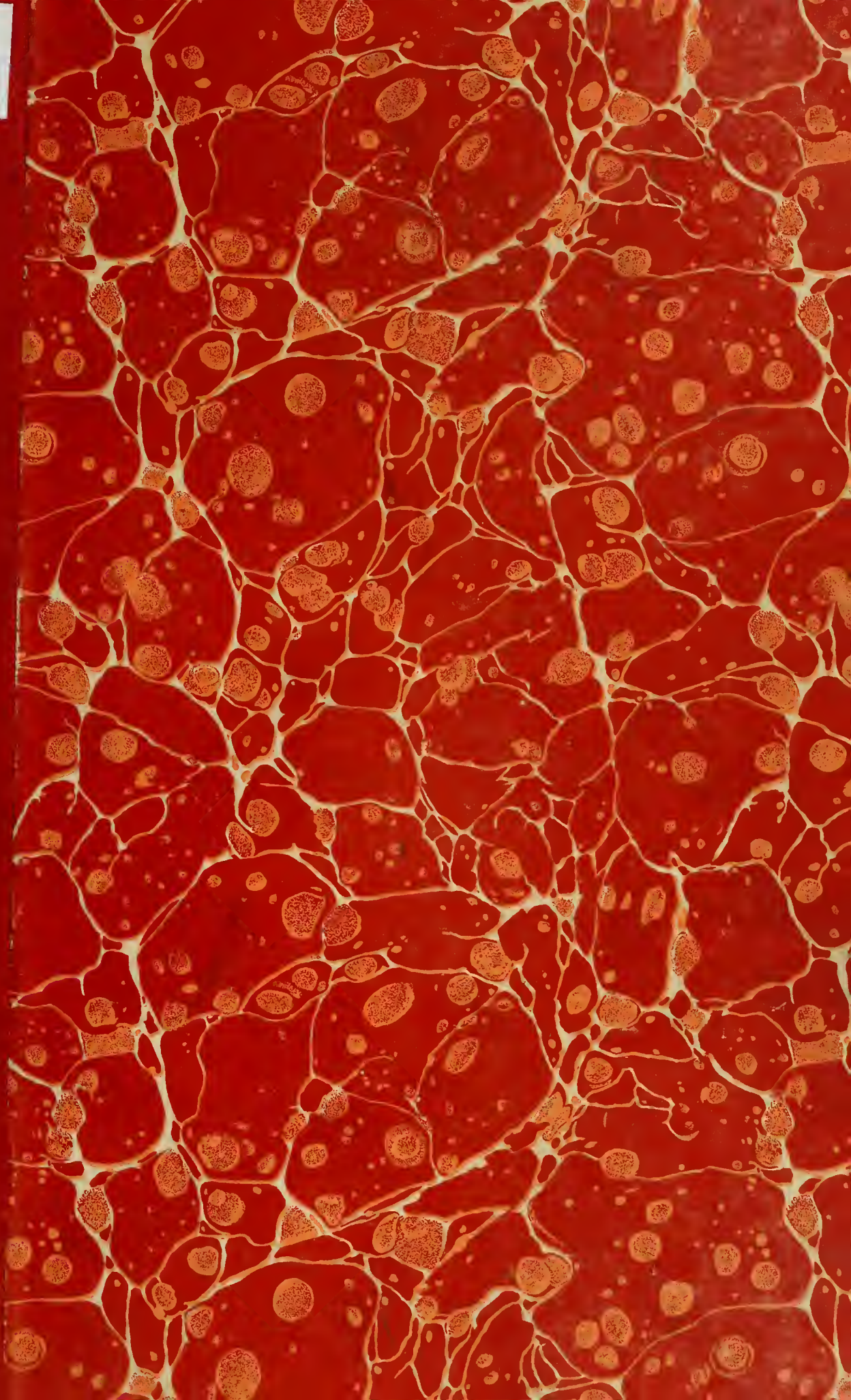


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CHILHOWEE

A LEGEND OF
THE GREAT
SMOKY
MOUNTAINS

BY
HENRY V. MAXWELL

ILLUSTRATED FROM
ORIGINAL DRAWINGS
BY CLARA T. GRESHAM

Knoxville, Tenn.
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BY

THE AUTHOR

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TO
JOSHUA W. CALDWELL, ESQ.

AS AN EVIDENCE
OF MY REGARD

THE AUTHOR



CHILHOWEE

PREFACE.

This is a story of the Cherokees, and of a god—the god of the Poet, and of the Smokies, where are no icebound banks or scorching suns to mar creation's glories.

To-day, a canon filled with surging billowy mists; to-morrow, a calm and restful sea of fleecy clouds, through which peep peaks of foot-hills—the emerald settings in the Piedmont's crown; where the azure blue of the "Land of the Sky" blends with the green of the far off mountains, and no one knows where mists and mountains meet; where zephyrs woo the balsam, and the balsam and the pine sing sweet vespers as lullabies, while Mother Nature rocks to sleep, her truant sun behind the distant Cumberland.

Not North nor South; not East nor West, but where congregated, rest the glories of a Hemisphere; blended in beautiful sublimity, crowding each other in such rapture that they rise higher, and higher, and bear within the night, the phos-

PREFACE

phorescent lights which illumine the land of the mystic throne; whose summits stand as beacons to guide us to an eternal haven; where verdure-covered peaks, rising six thousand feet above the level of the Atlantic, stand as sentinels over pastoral scenes, and a varied flora mingles its fragrance with the spray of spring-fed rivulets, rills, and rushing torrents galloping over bouldered beds; along whose courses pheasants drum a dreary cadence to the droning of the bee, and every sound is song; where dwells no uncouth power to counteract a sentiment intensified by solitude, nor stay the wellings of a sympathetic heart, longing for closer communion with nature's God; and love, draws in graceful lines—an image.

Here mountain crags recall the rugged Rockies, and nature's mirrors reproduce the scene; in moss-grown grottoes here, e'en weary minds may rest.

Here too, the laurel and the rhododendron grow as nowhere else, mingling their evergreen foliage in impenetrable density, while in their blooming season great banks of uncut floral gems fill mountain passes, and sweet forget-me-nots and modest violets peep through mellow loam. No land produces such varied flora as this. Here the trailing arbutus and the calacanthus mingle their perfume with the magnolia-laden breath of the near-by valleys, and plume-like ferns crop from clefts in overhanging cliffs, and wave their graceful forms within the perfumed breeze.

PREFACE

Among these mountains there are no weary wastes of dullness; no bleak and barren brakes; for almost every foot of earth adorns itself with a mantle of beauty distinctly its own, and scenes shift, from scenes sublime to scenes yet more sublime.

Is it a wonder that when the Government of the United States ordered the removal of the Cherokees, when they had reached the valley of the Tennessee, and cast a backward look towards the mystic realms of Smoky Mountain coves and peaks, where the spirit of their legendary god hung in rapturous grandeur o'er the scene sublime, they longed again for the home of their heritage; and that a portion of the tribe, broke even the ties of love and kindred, to return and again take up their abode within the shadow of the Smokies?

Is it a wonder that they are still there, and that intimate association with those scenes should have inspired the telling of the story of "Chilhowee," a legend of the Great Smoky Mountains?

Such is the birthplace of Nantahala, and her god.



Ah! Nantahala, brave art thou, and good,
A perfect type of noblest womanhood!

CHILHOWEE



A LEGEND OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS



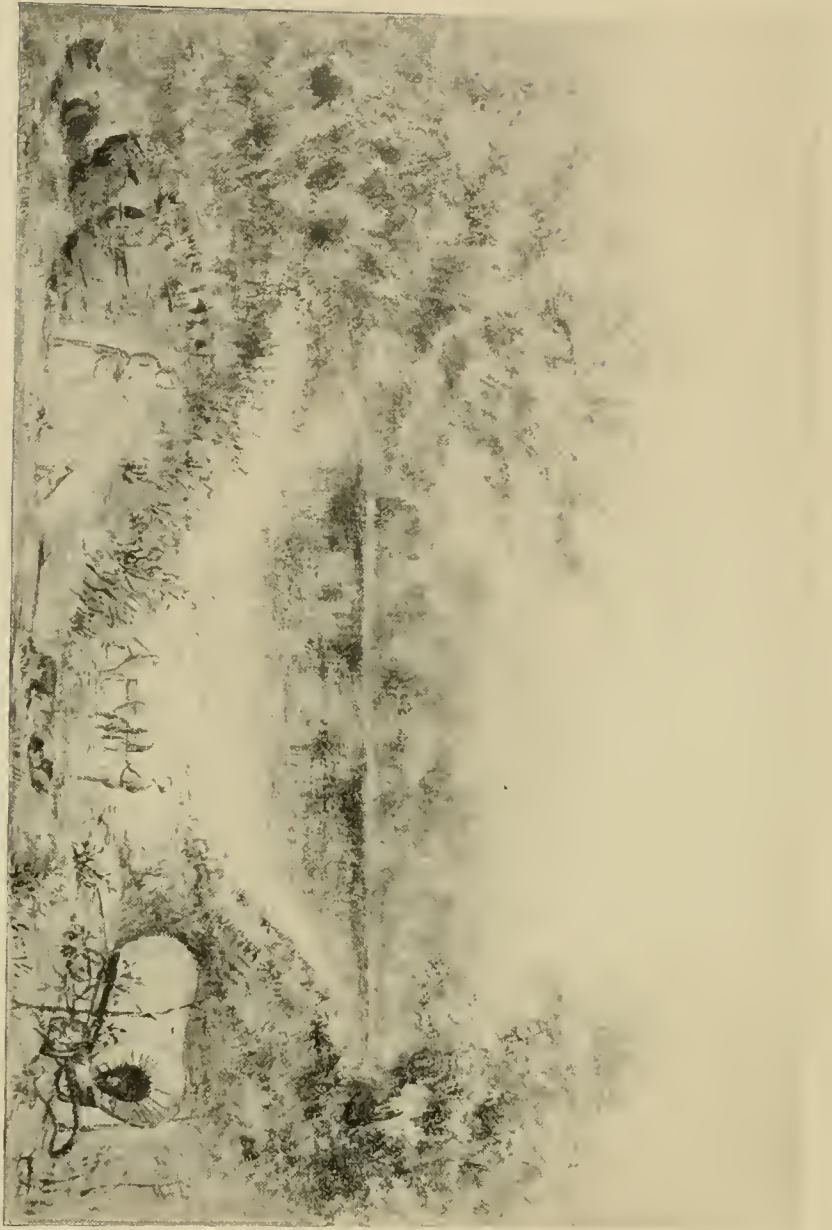
"Here," said the man unto his new made bride;
"Here on this spot forever we'll abide."
The forest fastness stood them all around
Save where the river flowed without a sound;
Silently stealing onward to the sea;
The pearl paved river, lovely Tennessee.
"These trees I'll fell, and from them build a home,
And clear the woods, where now the wild deer roam;
Then here shall spread a mantle of green sod,
A picture, fashioned by the hand of God;
Here on this ledge of marble pink, shall stand
Our cottage, ours, the first in this sweet land.
In yonder vale, a cool and bubbling spring
Pours forth its crystal waters, while we sing
Praise God above, from whom all blessings flow;



“O mists, bring me my soul
That wanders where your mystic billows roll!”

CHILHOWEE

Praise Him all living creatures here below;
For here amid this wilderness, alone,
We stand beneath the shadow of His Throne.
'Tis in yon Smoky Mountains, far away,
The spirit of the "Prophet Great" holds sway;
His light shines forth when first the day is born,
Nor leaves until the dew bedecks the corn;
And He is with us always, always here,
Then why, sweet wife, why should we ever fear?"
So saying, John unhitched the weary team,
And led them down to drink from out the stream.
A hasty meal, by Mary was prepared,
And then the twain, their frugal supper shared,
While faithful "Nero" there a vigil kept;
Wrapped in their blankets, John and Mary slept.
When morning dawned, refreshed they then awoke;
John took his axe, and stroke then followed stroke,
And echo followed echo through the dell,
Where stands the Marble City where we dwell.
Day after day he toiled, and soon had hewed
The logs, to build their rustic cabin rude;
Together they, contented with their lot,
Put up the logs that formed their humble cot.
He cleared the land, and planted there the seeds



"Here," said the man unto his new made bride:
"Here on this spot forever we'll abide."

CHILHOWEE

And thus he gained abundance for their needs;
No sound of mill then broke the stillness 'round,
But on a rock, by hand, the corn was ground.
Time slowly rolls o'er hands that idle lie,
Death whispers soon to idle hands, to die;
But to the man who gives his life for love,
And sows on earth, to reap in Heaven above,
The months roll by as swiftly as the weeks;
So with the man of whom this legend speaks.
The autumn came, and winter came and went;
The spring peeped out; the woods were filled with scent
Of woodland flowers that 'mong the bushes grew,
And trees put out their budding leaves anew.
So time passed on until a bright May morn',
When unto Mary, sweet, a child was born.
Their cup of happiness was full to brim
Of filial love, the parents love for him
Who brought them joy; but, sad the tale to tell,
It was this child that turned their Heaven to Hell;
For they reaped sorrow where their joy was sown;
Since had their lives gone by, and they not known
A parent's love, they never would have missed
The baby lips which they so fondly kissed.
The weeks went by, and months then followed fast

Here on this ledge of marble pink, shall stand
Our cottage, ours, the first in this sweet land.



CHILHOWEE

On golden wings; the time went swiftly past.
But passing strange and passing sad to know
The child grew fast, but wore a look of woe;
And then when'er he looked upon the Range
Enshrouded in the mists, his face would change,
And all that day would wear a livid hue,
As Skyland, through the mists shows mystic blue.
He then would lift his hands towards the mist;
By no persuasion brought, would he desist,
But, cry and scream, "O mists, bring me my soul
That wanders where your mystic billows roll!"
Another happy year went swiftly past;
Each fleeting day was sweeter than the last;
For love and hope were mingled with the joy
The parents lavished on their darling boy.
But as he grew, he each day grew more strange,
Convulsed with weeping as he viewed the Range
And saw the mists that to the mountains clung.
He wept until his mother's heart was wrung;
Although she loved the child, she could but fear
The end that came—the bitter end so near.
On sunny mornings, near the humble home.
Amid the flowers, the child was wont to roam,
And stand, and wring his tiny hands, and say:



The air was cleaved, an eagle fierce and dark
Swooped down upon him, as upon a lark.

CHILHOWEE

"My soul on yonder mountain rests alway."
The mother heard these sayings oft and o'er,
And wondered that the darling child she bore
Should such things think, and said to him one day,
"My child, what makes you always speak that way?"
The child then into sudden frenzy flew,
Taking a missile, drew his arm and threw,
But in his haste it landed wide the mark.
The air was cleaved, an eagle fierce and dark
Swooped down upon him, as upon a lark;
Sinking its talons in his flesh, it said,
"My brood shall feast!" and flew to Thunderhead.
Its burden great, the eagle soon grew weak
And stopped to rest, long ere it reached the peak.
"My hungry brood await me now, I know;
I'll leave him here, and to my fledgelings go,
And tell them how the noble prize I took,
And then return, and take him to our nook
Among the Mountain crags, and they shall feast
Upon the carcass of this human beast—
For beast he is, 'though fashioned in the mould
Of God, Creator, yea, the God of old
Who rules the glorious Kingdoms far on high,
Where souls are born, and born anon to die.



The child lay weltering in its own life-blood,
Helpless to check the fast increasing flood.

CHILHOWEE

'Though this strange thing is in His image made,
His soul ne'er joined, but on the mountains stayed."
So saying, the great eagle plumed to fly,
But as it rose, it flashed its searching eye
Toward the child, and then it saw the red
Blood issuing from the wound its talons made.
"For fear my young may question what I say,
I'll bathe my pinions ere I fly away,
And let my fledgelings taste the pinions dyed
Red with the blood that issues from his side.
Then they'll not question word that I shall say
About the prize I have secured this day."
So saying, then the eagle sought her home
Among the towering crags of Clingman's Dome.
The child lay weltering in its own life-blood,
Helpless to check the fast increasing flood.
The pitying chipmunks came from out a tree
And saw the blood; they knew the child to be
Wrapt in a swoon that soon in death would end,
Save through the timely aid of loving friend.
At once they scampered 'mong the bushes low
For spider-webs, wherewith to stop the flow
Of the child's blood that dyed the leaves around—
The dead brown leaves, that covered all the ground.



Rested, the child awoke at peep of day
And forthwith started on its lonely way.

CHILHOWEE

With shining silken webs, the chipmunks stayed
The flowing wounds the eagle's talons made.
The child sank deep into a peaceful sleep,
While chipmunks sat around to vigil keep.
An hour thus passed, the chipmunks could descry
The mighty eagle in the azure sky,
Soaring on high above the mountain top,
And well they knew the eagle would not stop
Its flight until it had once found again
Its prey, the wounded child it thought was slain.
Quickly the squirrels woke the sleeping child,
And said to him, in accents swift and wild:
"Hurry! and hide thee in the hollow tree,
And we will keep thee safe as safe can be,
And bring clear water from yon rivulet,
A cooling draught, thy parched lips to wet."
Wild strawberries there in great profusion grew,
Bathed every night in sweetest honey dew.
The chipmunks gathered many berries wild
And brought them there to feed the hungry child.
From shells of chestnuts they the dippers made,
And brought him water from beneath the shade
Of rhododendron growing near the stream;
And flowers brought to brighten up his dream.

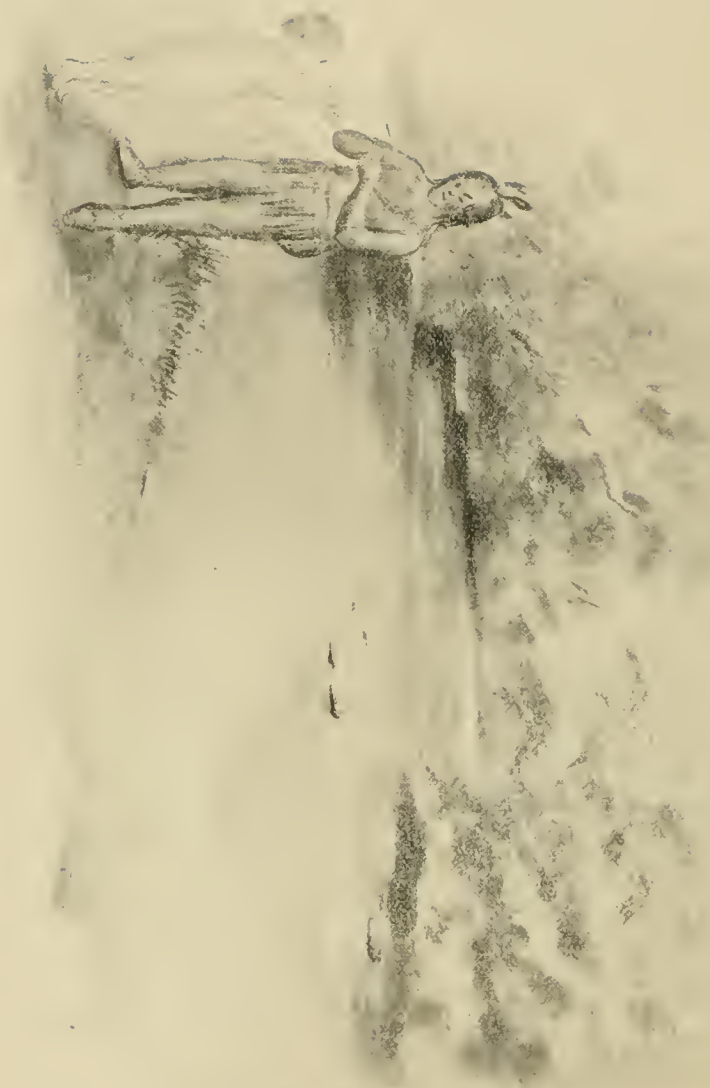


"Could I but gain the distant blue skyland
No doubt I there would find an Angel band."

CHILHOWEE

They then filled up the hollow in the tree
With sticks and moss so nothing then could see
The sleeping child, so lonely and forlorn,
That it might sleep until the coming morn,
The morning of another day unborn.
Rested, the child awoke at peep of day
And forthwith started on its lonely way
Toward the mists that filled the mountain coves,
Where Spirit Great, the Prophet Spirit, roves.
Strange as this tale may fall upon thine ear,
Yet I must tell, and tell it now for fear
That phantoms may by chance thy mind creep in,
And thou forget that all are born to sin.
Except this child, we all are born to die;
To him time comes but never passes by;
For God Himself this child has so ordained,
His spirit always shall, has always reigned
Among the peaks and in the mountain coves
Of the Great Smokies. There his spirit roves.
'Though flesh and blood to Mary had been born,
This child, of all strange beings, most forlorn,
Was born without a soul within its breast;
A soulless mortal born but for unrest.
Its soul, its spirit, lived on there amidst

No meat to mortal has e'er been so good
As to the child who hungered much for food.



CHILHOWEE

The peaks and coves; it always did exist.
But let us to the wanderings of the child,
Who roamed the hills, and as a beast was wild;
He knew not then the force that led him on,
But 'twas his soul which further up had gone
Towards the summit, through the wooded hollow,
And forced him on, his wandering soul to follow.
So on he climbed the hanging crags, to reach
The mists that shrouded balsam, fir and beech,
And all that formed the emerald tinted flood,
That on the slopes of the Great Smokies stood.
Long ere the bright sun did meridian reach,
He gained the mists, among the fir and beech:
No sooner had he breathed it, than his soul
Entered the body, and the child was whole.
Oh! joy to mortal has been given before,
But ne'er as unto him whom Mary bore.
No sooner had the soul and body met,
Than joy reigned there; a joy without regret.
Such joy but seldom comes unto our race;
'Tis when your eyes first rest upon the face
Of her, companion of your joys and sorrows—
The brightest day of all the bright to-morrows;
Or when you feel a Christian's change of heart,



The Tuckasegee, flowing beautiful river,
Along whose banks the ferns and blue bells quiver.

CHILHOWEE

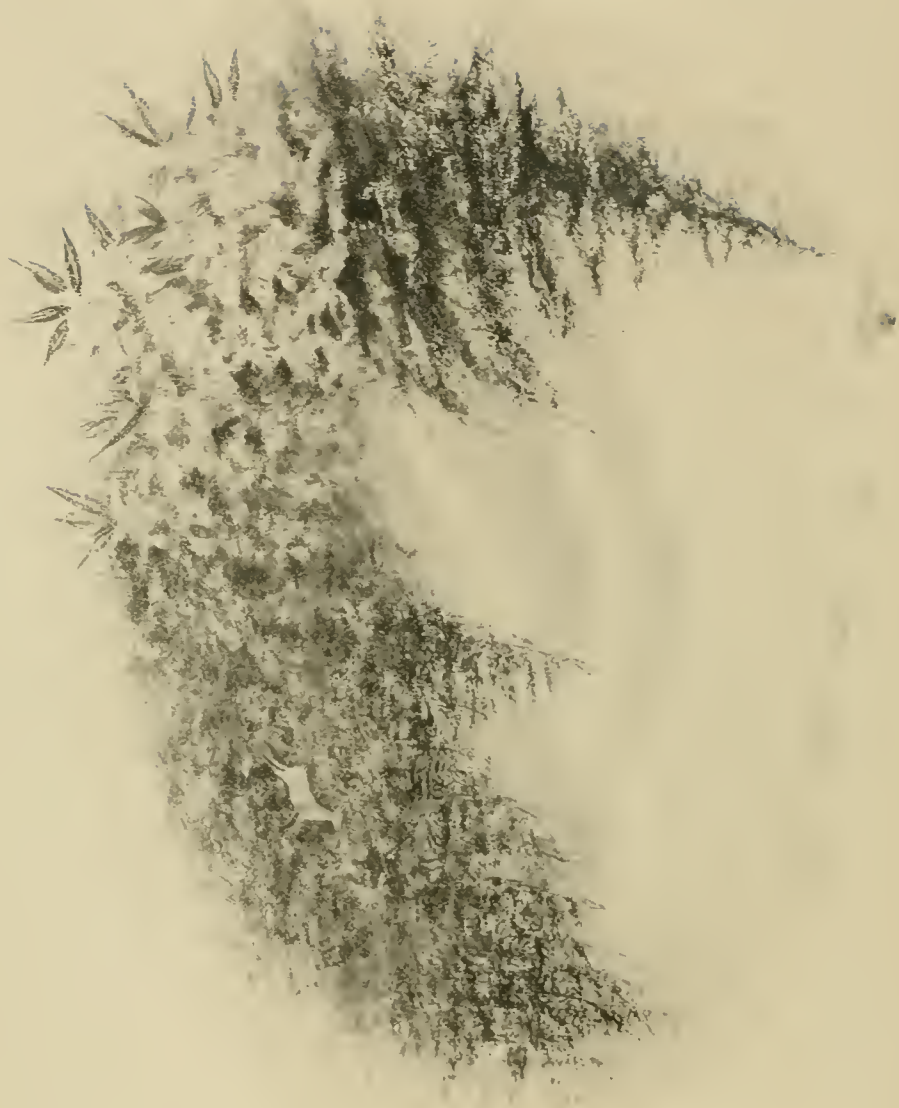
And then resolve that sin and you shall part.
Looking towards the northern shady slope
Of Blue Ridge Range, the child then took new hope,
As through the range of mountains, towering high,
He saw beyond, the beauteous land of sky.
“Could I but gain the distant blue skyland
No doubt I there would find an Angel band,
And with them there in sweetest songs unite,
Where all is day, where cometh not the night;
And they perchance my wandering footsteps guide
To my loved parents on the other side
Of the broad stream, the pearl-paved Tennessee—
To home, sweet home, the dearest spot to me.
Wrapt in a mantle, fragment of the sky—
A poet’s dream—an angel’s lullaby.
I’d lay me down upon my mother’s breast,
And in her loving arms find rest, sweet rest;
Sweet rest from labor, toil and sad regret,
And dry the eyes I know with tears are wet;
And heal the wounds within that mother’s heart
Forever there to dwell, nor ever part.
And say to her “Thy child is now made whole,
The debt is paid, the mists restored my soul,
Which has been held as ransom for the past



His yellow curls upon a moss-grown bank,
The lonely child soon into slumber sank.

CHILHOWEE

Sins of thy race, of which I am the last.
Thy own pure life a sacrifice was given
To clear the records on the books of Heaven."
So on he went, across the Smoky Range,
And down the slope into a land all strange,
Where roamed amidst the mantling forests there
The deer, the foxes and the great black bear;
Where waters hurried onward to the sea
From forest home of noble Cherokee.
Anon a rushing sound fell on his ear,
As winter winds bemoan the dying year,
Or banshees mourning loss of wicked souls,
Or sound of distant thunder, echoing rolls.
He, half afraid, kept on his lonely way,
Afraid to go, and yet afraid to stay
There all alone in that vast wilderness.
He dared not sleep, he dared not stop to rest,
And yet he hungered much for food to eat,
While the rough rocks there bruised his tiny feet,
And blood was welling from his wounded side;
Ah! lonely child! A mother's joy and pride.
But 'twas not long until the wanderer found
The cause of all the constant roaring sound.
Its banks all fringed with laurel, spruce and fern



Alone, month after month, the livelong year,
He roamed the wooded mountains far and near.

CHILHOWEE

Dashing 'gainst rocks, a current wild and stern—
The Tuckaseege, flowing beautiful river,
Along whose banks the ferns and blue bells quiver,
Dipping their tips into the waters clear,
Are mirrored back, their lonely lives to cheer.
Where calacanthus growing 'neath the trees
Sent sweetest perfumed kisses on the breeze
To kiss the baby lips, so pure, so sweet.
The spray came up and bathed his tired feet.
Sheer cliffs stood high upon the other shore,
Re-echoing back the dashing current's roar.
His yellow curls upon a moss-grown bank,
The lonely child soon into slumber sank.
Touched were the hearts of overhanging trees,
And all night long, sang sweetest lullabies.
At morn the child awoke surprised to see
Close by his side a stalwart Cherokee,
Who from a pouch took out some dried deer meat
And gave it to the hungry child to eat.
No meat to mortal has e'er been so good
As to the child who hungered much for food;
But when the child this magic morsel ate
His life was changed by chance, or hand of fate;
He was transformed into a spotted fawn

Until one day, when frost borne on the breeze
Came on, and painted rainbows on the trees.



CHILHOWEE

As silently as night steals into dawn
Bounding o'er rocks upon the mountain side,
He roamed the forest fastness far and wide.
The Indian to his chief then hurried on,
And told the story of the transformed fawn;
How it had changed from pale-faced child to fawn,
And in an instant from the place was gone.
Nantahala, maiden of the tribe,
Beloved by all for her great wisdom, cried:
"It is Chilhowee! Prophet, Spirit Great,
Who soon shall come and prophesy our fate!"
Time wore away, until a year had gone,
And as it grew, the spots upon the fawn
Increased in size, unlike to other deer;
A snowy white it was within a year,
Except one crimson spot upon its side
Was stained, as there the flowing blood had dyed—
The blood that always issued from his side.
Alone, month after month, the livelong year,
He roamed the wooded mountains far and near,
Until one day, when frost borne on the breeze
Came on, and painted rainbows on the trees,
A huntsman's horn awoke the echoes round;
Then quickly came the bay of eager hound,



They faltered for a moment on a spur,
Where sparsely grew the balsam, beech and fir.

CHILHOWEE

For they had struck the trail, and followed scent.
Full well Chilhowee knew then what it meant—
A run for life—for dogs, he knew, care not
What makes the trail they follow fast and hot.
They took the trail and followed on it fast,
Until the summit of the Range they passed;
Then down the northern slope, kept up the chase,
Each hound, to beat the other in the race.
Into a gulch, now up the other side,
O'er rocks and streams, o'er all the landscape wide;
In Tuckaleeche cove, then down a prong
Of Little River hurried right along;
Now in the stream, now on the rocky bank,
O'er ledge of granite, where the river sank
Beneath the laurel bending o'er the stream,
A virgin's bower, of such as poets dream—
On, on he sped. The bay of hound drew near,
And blast of bugle fell upon his ear,
Cheering the pack that followed in his wake
Through thickest growth—a veritable brake
Of laurel; tangled, almost solid mass;
It was through this Chilhowee now must pass.
He, weary, worn, dashed on, his burden bore,
For brutes take not that which they can't restore;



A flickering light shone through the mat of trees;
Chilhowee saw the fire of Cherokees.

CHILHOWEE

'Though life cost nought, it was not his to give,
So on he sped, determined more to live,
Or in despair would then have bounded o'er
A cliff, in height, a thousand feet or more,
Where lay beneath, a chasm dark and deep;
He could not, would not, take the fatal leap.
With resolution strengthened by the thought,
He bounded on, and safer ending sought.
Through more thick growth of laurel, fir and beech,
Again the summit of the Range to reach.
Crossing the crest, Chilhowee sped with might,
Adown the southern slope, passed out of sight.
'Though out of sight, he was not out of sound
Of the deep baying of the leading hound
Who led the pack that answered back the bay
Of his deep voice that led them on their way.
'Though out of sight he was not out of scent;
The chase kept up until their strength nigh spent,
They faltered for a moment on a spur,
Where sparsely grew the balsam, beech and fir.
'Twas there he knew the hunted deer had stood—
The leaves around were crimsoned with his blood.
Maddened by blood the hungry pack rushed on,
And o'er the trail, where led the fleeing fawn.



But Nantahala, then the promised bride
Of the brave Chief, who stood now at her side,
Uttered a cry and at a single bound
Her arms around Chilhowee's neck she wound.

CHILHOWEE

The day was passed, the chill night had drawn near,
Yet hope came not unto the fleeing deer
Who from fatigue and loss of blood grew weak;
Weary, he fain would then some shelter seek.
And as he sped, the pack close to his heel,
He knew he soon their sharp white teeth would feel.
A desperate time, a desperate deed demands,
The one who wins, is not he who commands,
But he who acts; just take my faithful word,
That bravest is the arm that wields the sword;
For any man can plough, and seed then sow,
But 'takes a God to make it sprout and grow.
A flickering light shone through the mat of trees;
Chilhowee saw the fire of Cherokees,
As they in groups around the fire sat,
In council while on dusky wing a bat
Hovered darkly o'er them dispelling cheer;
For they knew then the evil one was near.
As quick as flash, Chilhowee, with one bound
Stood 'mong the Indians, who in circle round
Rose quickly, trembling with unbounded fear,
At sight of him, Chilhowee, the white deer.
Each seized his bow, with deadly purpose filled,
And in an instant would have shot and killed;



The Indians woke, and to their horror found
Chilhowee lying dead upon a mound.

CHILHOWEE

But Nantahala, then the promised bride
Of the brave Chief, who stood now at her side,
Uttered a cry and at a single bound
Her arms around Chilhowee's neck she wound
And cried "shoot not, nor ye your arrows stain
With blood of him who standeth here half slain!
For 'tis Chilhowee, Spirit, Prophet Great,
Who comes to tell us our unwritten fate."
No sooner said than all the tribe then knew,
And prone, themselves upon their faces threw.
"Peace," softly said Chilhowee, "have no fear,
For I, thy Prophet King, am always near,
And always will your wandering foot-steps guide,
Within your hearts my spirit shall abide.
Though death, from time to time will come and claim
Thy warriors bold, yet their much honored name
Shall still be written on the page of fame;
And deeds of valor, by thy warriors done,
Shall live as long as lives the deathless Sun.
'Though death shall slay the noble Cherokee,
His name shall live through all eternity.
Ah! Nantahala, brave art thou, and good,
A perfect type of noblest womanhood!
Nor courage lacked, thy Prophet to defend,



No word spoke they, but silent as the night
The Indians hurried 'round to catch a sight
Of foot-prints, or a single solitary mark
Of him who slew Chilhowee in the dark.

CHILHOWEE

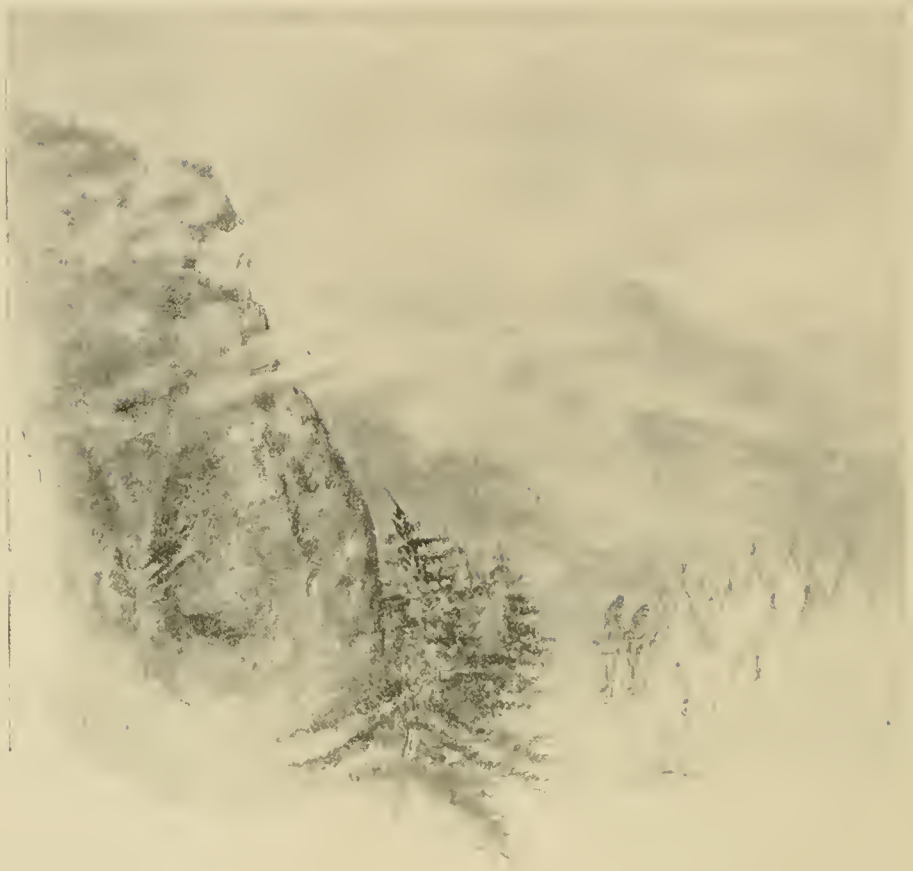
Behold in me, an ever faithful friend.
As gently fall the rose leaves on the grass,
Thy life has been, and will as gently pass,
And never any fate but joy shalt know,
For nought but joy hast thou, or e'er will sow;
A life can be but sweet, if sweet begun;
And bright as is thy name, the noon-day Sun.
I see within thine eyes so soft, so sweet,
Each scene of beauty oft the scene repeat;
Nor time shall e'er thy perfect beauty mar;
One star but differs from another star—
For thou shalt seek and find, and thou shalt know
The spring De Soto sought so long ago.
Bathe in that fount, and thus thy youth restore,
And thou shalt live—live on forever more.
'Twas long foretold an Indian maiden brave
The life of Chilhowee would one day save.
Now white-plumed doves thy messengers shall be,
Bearing good will to all o'er land and sea!"
So saying, Chilhowee lay on the ground
And slept, while Indians formed a circle 'round
And watched him; they a faithful vigil kept
The live-long night; they watched him while he slept.
From that day forth he did with them abide;

Silently stealing onward to the sea:
The pearl paved river, lovely Tennessee.



CHILHOWEE

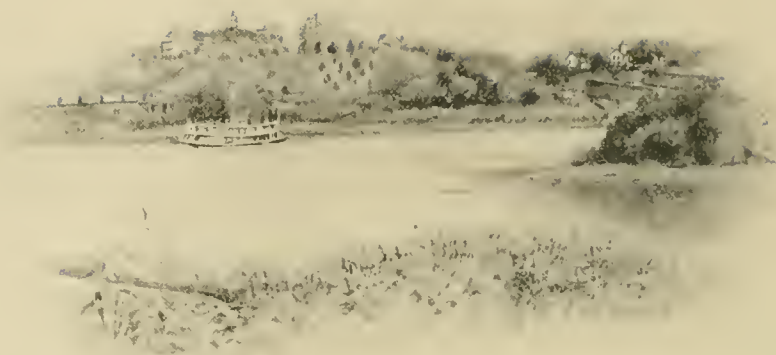
He was their Prophet-Priest, their King and Guide.
Through many years this Spirit-Prophet strange
Roamed with his faithful friends the Smoky Range.
Sad tale to tell, 'twill fill your heart with woe;
But 'twas his fate, it was his time to go
To higher realms, forever there to dwell,
Among the mists, that cover cove and dell.
One morn, when snow lay deep upon the ground,
The Indians woke, and to their horror found
Chilhowee lying dead upon a mound,
His blood had dyed the snow for rods around.
No word spoke they, but silent as the night
The Indians hurried 'round to catch a sight
Of foot-prints, or a single solitary mark
Of him who slew Chilhowee in the dark.
No foot-prints marked the snow for miles around,
It lay, a soft white mantle on the ground.
In sheer despair, and when all hope had fled,
The mourners gathered them around the dead;
And prone upon their faces, full length fell,
And registered an oath by heaven and hell,
Their sorrows ne'er in mortal ears to tell.
Their grief intense, their hearts were pierced and sore;
Like heroes though, their grief they silent bore;



Suddenly a voice, as issuing from the skies,
Fell on their ears, and bade them all arise.

CHILHOWEE

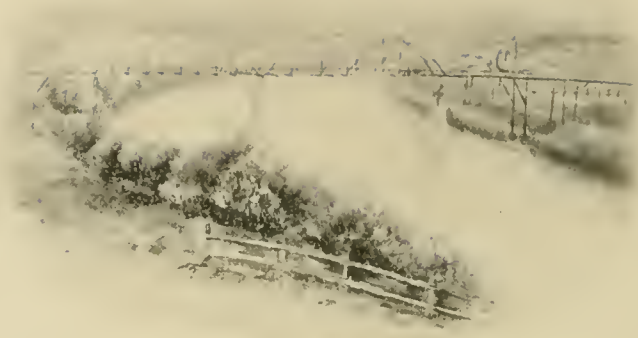
For bursts of grief beside the open grave,
Betoken not the spirit of the brave.
No sound there broke the stillness of the day,
Their grief they bore as only heroes may.
Suddenly a voice, as issuing from the skies,
Fell on their ears, and bade them all arise.
Upon a towering cliff they could discern
A manly figure standing tall and stern;
Whose long white locks flowed in the winter breeze,
That sounded shrill among the leafless trees.
His stately garb a flowing ermine cloak,
The Spirit Great, the Prophet-Spirit spoke:
“Weep not, I am the spirit of the dead,
Who from the body of Chilhowee fled;
The time has come when I must higher go,
And man shall always reap whate’er he sow.”
They questioned not the Spirit of the dead,
His garment white except one spot was red;
The blood that always issued from his side,
Had in one spot the ermine, crimson dyed,
Lo! while they stood and looked upon his shroud,
He vanished from their sight, amidst the cloud;
The mists, that to the mountains, always cling;
The Spirit of the Spirit-Prophet, King.



Surrounded near, by undulating hills,
And emerald meadows, cut by rippling rills.

CHILHOWEE

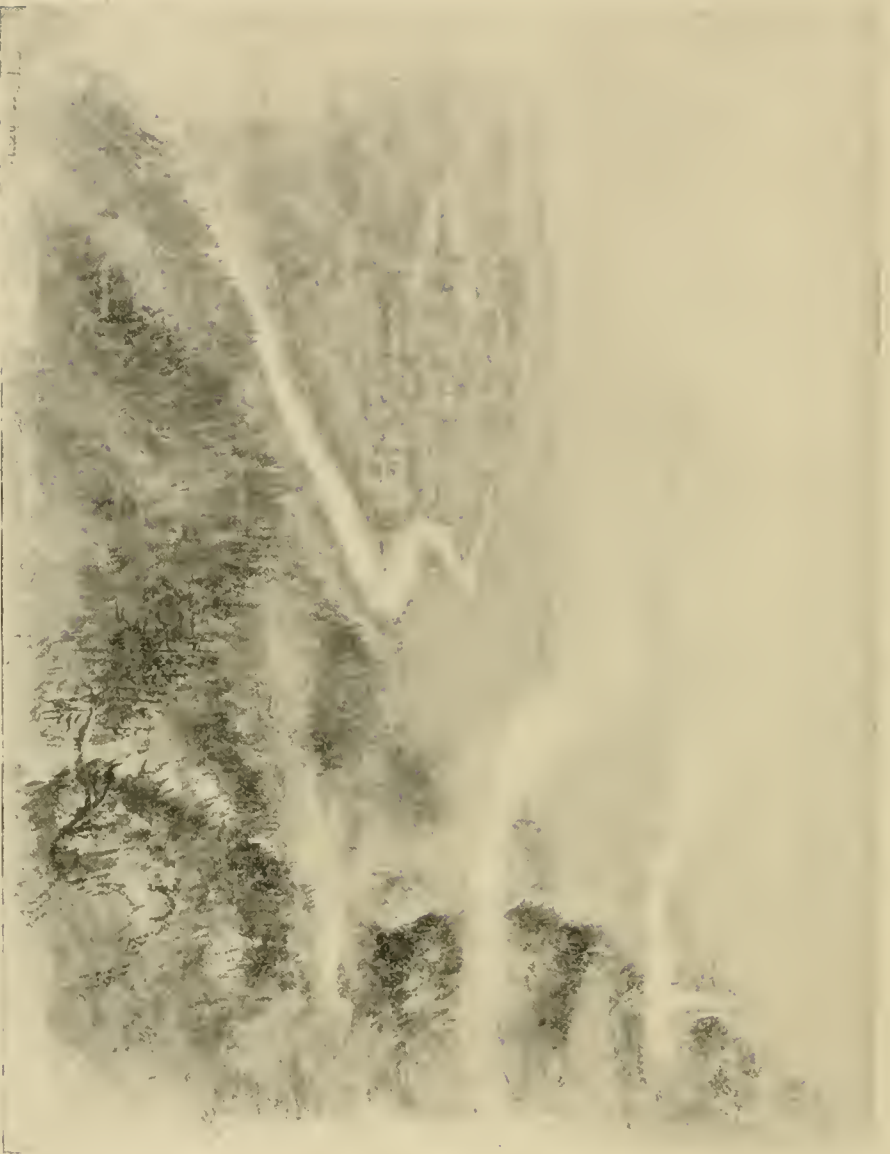
Forthwith he sought to heal his wounded side;
He knew no cause, why there, wound should abide;
But soon at heart he longed to look once more,
Upon the home where him his mother bore.
From that time on he felt a sweet relief,
For then he knew, it was from constant grief
For home and parents, that the wound did bleed,
As in his heart his mother had sown seed
Of love for her, and for his father brave,
Who long years past, had slept within the grave.
Resolved was he, 'though they were now no more
To see the home, where him his mother bore;
And fleeting on towards the Clingman's Dome,
He stood and looked upon his childhood's home.
Amazed was he to see upon the site
The Marble City, with her church towers bright;
Great blocks of stately marble houses stood
Where foretime was the only cabin rude;
Surrounded near, by undulating hills,
And emerald meadows, cut by rippling rills;
Where noisy foundry, forge and busy mill,
And quickly shifting shuttles never still.
Created products fair to give support
To all the people who do there resort.



There do I cross, where life is one sweet dream
Where Crescent Bluff is mirrored in the stream:
There from its lofty crest, enchanted view
Far spreading landscapes framed in softest blue.

CHILHOWEE

One pang of grief then pierced the wound afresh;
One thorn, and only one, still pierced the flesh;
The trees that stood there when he saw it last,
Were gone, for many and many a year had passed;
The ledge of marble was to atoms blown,
A yawning gulch was there instead of stone.
But soon he saw the vast primeval wood
Around where once the lonely cabin stood,
And solid mass of many-colored stone,
Foundation of the rustic cabin lone,
Had all been used by man, and used all well,
To build the Marble City, where we dwell.
His wound was healed, and never will again
Bring grief to him or cause another pain.
Thus ends the tale, from my imagination wrought,
Of him who with his blood our freedom bought.
A pure white dove, his message brought to me
At Knoxville, on the pearl-paved Tennessee.



Amazed was he to see upon the site
The Marble City, with her church towers bright;
Great blocks of stately marble houses stood
Where foretime was the only cabin rude.

THE PROPHET'S MESSAGE.

From mystic realms, from Smoky Mountain coves
Where Chilhowee, the Spirit-Prophet roves ;
Each Autumn fair, I come and here foretell
The future of the City where you dwell.
See yonder mist upon the mountains spread,
Where mighty Clingman lifts his towering head ;
The fleeting mist am I, save once each year,
When I to man in mortal form appear.
Mortals who dwell beneath my mystic form
Shall each year see, in glorious splendor borne,
Where eager thousands throng to hear and see,
The Prophet cross the pearl-paved Tennessee.
There do I cross, where life is one sweet dream
Where Crescent Bluff is mirrored in the stream.
There from its lofty crest, enchanted view
Far spreading landscapes framed in softest blue,
One Autumn day of each and every year
In mortal form, your Prophet will appear ;
His mission to proclaim a blissful day,
Your duty then, to hear and to obey.

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